

SHORT LETTERS

Richmond, Ind.—Enclosed you will find an express money order for two dollars for which you will please give us credit for postal cards you sent us last winter. We will fill the remaining cards that we have on hand with names of persons we think will appreciate the grand little paper and send them in to your office. We would have sent the money sooner but we met with financial reverses. Thanking you for your faith in us we are yours for success.—MARGARET COPPOCK.

New Sharon, Iowa.—Enclosed ten cents for Blades of July 3rd. There was a woman who came home from church, near Peoria, last Sunday, by the name of Voss. A tree blew on her after she got out of the buggy. It took twelve men a half hour to get her from under the tree. She is badly hurt—three ribs and collar bone broken and has lost her sight but is not dead yet.—DR. J. M. WOOD.

New York City.—Enclosed find \$1.00 for the Blade which you have so kindly sent me since September 4th. This is the first money I have had to spare. I wish I could send you more to help you along in your good work. I am anxious for Dr. Wilson to get away to Rome. I find a lot of good things in the Blade, although I am a Spiritualist and disagree in some things.

You call a spade a spade, and are doing all the good you can. No one can do any more to his best. Long may you live to enlighten humanity.—MRS. GRACE PHELPS BEST.

Washington, D. C.—The more I read the Blade the better I like it—mostly due to its plain frank way of expressing things. I like to hear men and women say what they have to say without any unnecessary amount of frills. A friend of mine once said, after reading a copy of the Blade: "It is too much of a knocker." But that is what counts. There is one consolation in knocking, especially when you are using an up-to-date steam hammer of truth, which hammers out more truth than the little old would-be miracle workers have been using these years.

Of course we must be able to do that we must knock down and drag out superstition.

Every American citizen should read what Bro. Wilson says about Satoli, the Fair, Teddy and the rest of the crooked gang. I have circulated that copy of the Blade until it is almost worn out, and in every case it has performed its mission. So much for the Blade. A friend of mine once said he would knock some of my funny ideas out of my head—alluding to my infidelity—as was a Catholic. But when I succeeded in showing him that his beloved Jesus had several brothers and sisters, he came to the conclusion that Jesus could not be God's only begotten son, and thus I made a good infidel. As this stuff does not interest you and I must have Dog Fennel I send \$1.00.—PROF. J. W. HUDLOW.

Denton, Texas.—I enclose you a copy of my latest booklet entitled "Wads of Wisdom," etc., which I ask you to accept with my best wishes. I call your attention to a few of my remarks on pages 6, 7, 8, and 9, also some statistics on page 15. I also enclose you some clippings from our local papers and can say that I was personally acquainted with the young lady of this city whom this Rev. Baker married here some years ago. I hope to meet you in St. Louis in October, but as I am an invalid and very poor there is nothing certain about my being there. I am a reader of the Blue Grass Blade and hope to see its circulation reach the 10,000 mark before many moons.—ROBT. G. WRIGHT.

New York, N. Y.—Enclosed find \$2 for the Wilson Rome Fund. If there is a book published I should like to have one, but this money goes toward expenses, book or no book. Please acknowledge through the Blade. I would like for you to answer the following questions through the Blade. Why call Jefferson an infidel? In what part of the Bible can I find about burning witches, and about "drink and get drunk" and about horses in heaven.—JAMES KENNEDY.

Comment—We call Jefferson an infidel because he was an infidel as his writings show.

The Bible no where says we must burn witches, but says we must kill them in Exodus xxii. 18, and it is said there are horses in heaven in Revelation xix. 14.

Sneiton, Wash.—Enclosed find \$1.00. You are doing fine. It does beat all how the sky-pilots are cutting up this warm weather. I see by the Blade and

other papers too that the preachers are getting ashamed of their calling. It seems to me that any man would blush to be called a preacher. I know of no meaner occupation than to mislead the ignorant and trusting multitudes that these leaches are having their say to, every Sunday, and it makes my blood boil to think of all the poor innocent children that all these rascals are permitted to associate with. I would put a sudden stop to all that, if I could, you may be sure. Hoping you may live many years yet and wishing the Blade great success, I am respectfully.—A. O. NELSON.

Hooversville, Pa.—Enclosed \$2—one for Blade and one for Dr. Wilson's book on the Rome Congress. If you and Rev. Wilkinson have a confab have it in print so we can all see the show. I think you will find him a little cely—always trying to twist around and slip through your fingers: an artful dodger.

Our good Brother Moore can't wear other than Democratic glasses. Can't you debate with Rev. W. in some paper of his selection and copy it in the Blade.—R. L. NOEL.

Lonoke, Ark.—This is my 73rd birthday. The Bible says "The wicked shall not live out half his days." This can't be true or the late convention in St. Louis could not have gotten a quorum. Should W. J. Bryan ignore all those grand principles of democracy, those lofty sentiments which have made his great and loved from sea to sea and attempt to speak for plutocracy, now lead by Judge Parker, I hope some one will whisper the above in his off ear when he closes. Parker's telegram just knocked the breath out of the Democratic party. Whether it will ever regain consciousness is a question. Just now it looks to me like the erratic Roosevelt will have a walk-over. Plutocracy need not expend a dollar—they win in either case. They have the government by the throat. For twelve years the B. G. Blade has been a weekly visitor in my house. Like Kentucky whisky it grows better with age. As I don't drink whisky I cannot speak from experience. A few copies left lying on the center table are a sure preventive against Methodist preachers eating up all my wife's surplus chickens. We could keep house without it but won't until we have to. Some times I think I am hard on Socialists. May they need some heavy jolts or the heavy cyclone that

My eye—mon people taking control and giving the well heads the grand bounce all at once. Socialism appears to be an ideal condition. Crude, it may be, in some respects, yet it shows an earnest honest effort toward human betterment—as such I bid it speed.

Just how it can be made practical is beyond my comprehension. What does Bryan mean by his words as reported in the Republic. "Shall we be compelled to choose between a god of war and a god of gold?" I have a great deal of confidence in Bro. Moore's ability to explain things. Hope he will draw a bead on that sentence. I was educated for the ministry but it was a misfit—have taught school and run a newspaper, but I confess frankly that that sentence knocks me out, taken into consideration surroundings when uttered. As you said I hope it don't mean anything bad. A nice Catholic lady in St. Louis is trying to convert me to her faith. Won't she have a time to do it after I have read the Blade twelve years? It would be about as easy to remove mountains and uproot sycamore trees by faith as to get a set of "believe or be d—d" harness on me.

Am too poor to risk subscribing for Dr. Wilson's book—want it badly and will buy one if I can. How I should like to accompany the Doctor, Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Closs to the Rome Congress. To me it would be an intellectual feast from start to finish. Now, Bro. Moore, if the spirit moves you to print any, or all of this, do not allow excessive modesty to deter.—A. B. BARRETT.

New Baltimore, Pa.—I have often wanted to send the dollar for the Blade for another year and will put it off no longer. You will find enclosed and also some literature which was sent to me through the kindness of T. A. Moore, Meriden, Conn., which please return unless you print it in the Blade. I feel flattered by your sending me the Blade in advance. Never stop the Blade on me unless I notify you. I could not hold my own without it. The Christians and church members around here judge me as the literature explains which I send you, but honest kind and wise actions will prove to them that we infidels are not a bad class of people or a bad religion. I hope the literature will arouse some Blade reader and start a debate with you in the knee-edged Blade for that makes it interesting and opens the eyes of more Christians than any-

thing else. They all think they will go to heaven after death, but I think they had better get fireproof wings made in time. Wishing you and Bro. Hughes success, I remain yours for Free thought.—CHAS. H. FELTON.

Marston, Mont.—I have come again for a little chat with your great heart and brain. It is a sad and awful sight to live close to a saloon and see those who I thought were men made brutes by drinking whisky—some with beautiful wives and loving, trusting little ones. I send you a little poem by one of those men made a brute by drinking the stuff. He is my brother-in-law. A better man does not live when he is sober, but he drove his wife from him and the little boy and girl went with the mother. I am sorry I cannot send you some new subscribers, but inclosed find a wheel to help roll along the Blade. I have read Dog Fennel. It is both instructive and funny. It makes me sad to think that you are growing old. Life is all too short to do much good in, but if we all do what we think is our duty the world will be made better for our having lived in it.—OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Washington, D. C.—I send enclosed \$1 to apply on subscription to the breezy Blue Grass Blade. Our editor and X. D. D. was in fine feather in this week's issue. The old man is sound as a (gold) dollar on religion, spiritualism and socialism, the three giant humbugs of the day. He is in his element when he is discussing those questions—gets at the marrow in the bone—and simply can't be refuted. The truth is what we are after and I say hit the humbugs hard and often. Dr. Wilson paid him a high compliment, some time back, when the only answer he could make to our editor's criticism on his article on socialism was that "it was so d—n bad it was good." When the doctor is run up a tree in that fashion, there must be some thing "rotten in Denmark," in the cause he advocates.—Wm. T. WHITE.

Bowles, Ind. Ter.—I do not think that your answer to O. H. Stone's article on Socialism is quite in keeping with your exhortation to others to be entirely fair when you opened the columns of the Blade to the discussion of politics. We Socialists do not object to your views on politics so long as we are not forced to adopt them. You say that there is not a Socialist pa-

per in the Pink Iconoclast and Wilshire's Magazine. The majority of Socialist editors and writers are infidels, but they consider that the making of Socialists is of more importance than the making of infidels. Some infidels accuse us of catering to the church which is an unjust accusation but we are willing to accept only those that agree with us in political principles regardless of their religious views. In your article from Ashes to Ads you say "when I was a little boy, though my parents were rich and generous people, etc. Then you say that we Socialists propose to divide up your land which is all the property you have. Now Mr. Moore what went with the riches that you inherited? Did you give them away or have the capitalists already played the divide up game on you? You say in your answer to Mr. Stone "There will always be millionaires and paupers, just so long as some men are stronger, smarter, and more energetic than others." Don't this statement coupled with the fact that you inherited riches, cause an outsider to doubt your strength, smartness and energy. Now when the land follows the riches and your capitalist friends give you the go by, then the Socialists will place you on the retired list and give you every comfort in your old age for the good that you have done society, provided that we have the opportunity. I'm not trying to make love to you for I remember how you treated that woman in France. You are pretty good Socialist timber, but you will have to come to us for we never compromise. Not even with the greatest of men. You say that Jesus Christ was a Socialist. Don't you know that they had no more idea of Socialism at that time than they had of the telegraph and just about as much as they had of astronomy. You say that competition in all departments is exactly what is needed, and there can be no material prosperity without it. Now we all know that competition among laborers is detrimental to their own interest, and every capitalist that has entered a combine will tell you that competition is against his interest. By combining they can produce cheaper and control prices. We can't destroy these combines because it would be interfering with private property. Now I don't want to use any of what you call Socialistic twaddle, but I will say in plain English that the nearest way out is simply to break in on these combines like a bunch of Texas steers,

but we aim to do this by getting the consent of the majority of the voters. Those millionaire friends of yours may be good men, but if they had not been in a position to command labor they might now be in a paupers grave. The fact that they have become millionaires proves to me that they have not payed labor its just reward. The fact that a man discovers or takes by force one of the natural sources of wealth does not make his title just and all titles that are based on these claims are unjust to the rest of society. What if I should discover your farm and it just exactly suited me, would my claim to it be just? If force can make a man's title good I'd like to try some Kentucky Colonel in a regular ruff to tumble fight for a good Blue Grass farm I'm not going to try to answer the entire letter for I guess Mr. Stone can take care of himself. I like the Blade as an infidel paper better than I do as a Socialist paper, I like the editor as a man and an infidel, but as a Socialist he's no good. Every man should have the full product of his labor. He that takes less is a slave; he that takes more is a thief. Yours in all things right.—B. F. PARDUE.

Baring, Wash.—In answer to your criticism of my article in the Blade I beg leave to submit the following: I will preface by saying that when I use the word "right" it does not necessarily mean "legal." There is often a great difference between legality and honesty. I hope that we are discussing principles, systems and laws, and not individuals. That we use individuals merely to illustrate the workings of certain laws and systems. Principles have a persistency, a stability that is sadly lacking in the individual. I might—and many would say justly—reproach you for your unfairness, your illiberality and your insulting personalities, but I shall refrain from doing so, as I never could see that vituperation and argument were synonymous terms.

Regarding your first fling, about my not sending any money with my article, I will state, that I certainly pay for the Socialistic publications that I am taking, and was not aware that the Blade was sent to me gratis. But I would suggest that before throwing any slurs you look up my account on the books at the blade office, and when you have found out how much I owe you, kindly send in your bill and I shall be glad to pay you.

The way you pick out the sentence about my being an Atheist, etc., is so manifestly untrue, in view of my explicit statement, that I feel compelled to say that I am not an atheist, but that I am a man of faith. I believe in a God, but I do not believe in a God that is a man in the flesh. I believe in a God that is a spirit, and that is the only way that a man can live honestly, namely, by my own labor, and I started in when I was about fourteen years old. I am working at present in a stone-quarry. If you want to know anything more about my status as a laborer I shall be delighted to accommodate you.

I submit that my questions relative to environment were relevant in the highest degree, as tending to bring out what environment really will do. As for my unnecessary "etc.," although an oversight on my part, it can in no way obscure the meaning, besides, grammar is not the subject under discussion anyway.

Your statement that "we always had millionaires and paupers and always will have," is childish to say the least. I might as well state that we always had religion and churches, and always will have, so what is the use of trying to do away with religion?

You say that "competition in all departments is exactly what is needed and there can be no material prosperity without it." Will you kindly explain to the Blade readers why the great trusts are combines, that are run on the co-operative plan, so far as the work goes, are so much more successful in business than the small business man? If competition is the life of trade, I should think the small "fry" would get plenty of it, in competing with the trusts? In the trust we have co-operation of the great mass of the people for the benefit of a few individuals that mostly do no work whatever. The Socialist propose to operate it in the interest of the producers—in other words own the trust, not being owned by it.

What you say about "inventors, thinkers, discoverers and writers," is only partly true. Inventors certainly are producers—workers—and I believe they are so classed. They certainly are among Socialists. But there are many other things to be taken into consideration in this connection. It is a well known fact that brains don't work very good on empty stomachs and it requires products of labor in the shape of food, and most places clothing and shelter, to overcome this difficulty, to say nothing about tools, which are likewise products of labor.

Thoughts are great, if backed by effort, that is, labor. You may think for a thousand years, and it will never materialize until either you or somebody else goes to work. Now, if labor creates all wealth, as

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bread and butter question from religion, by abolishing the profit system, then if there is any good in it, it will survive on its merit and what is bad will die a natural death. You are a farmer. Suppose that you have some noxious weeds in your field, some that have great tenacity of life, if I may use the term, would you merely cut them off, thus dealing with effects only, or would you dig them out root and branch? I see no reason why the Rev. A. F. Ervine should not be credited, if his speech deserves it. The churches have evidently failed to gain control of the whole supply of bigotry. You say that you work as a farmer and I have no reason to doubt it, and you are certainly entitled to the full product of your labor. You have a perfect right to the land that you work on, providing, however, that in so owning the land you are not infringing on the equal rights of others to do likewise, if they want to—that is, to make a living on the same land. If they couldn't do that, they would not have equal rights don't you see.

If we admit the principle of equal rights, we must also admit that the coming generation has the same rights as the present generation. Don't you think that it would be rather embarrassing for those that came after us, to find, when they were going to exercise "their" equal rights, that we have already taken possession? A view of these facts, it will readily be seen that justice, equal rights and opportunities are impossible of realization under a system of private ownership.

Regarding your suggestion that I go to work, I will say for the information of all concerned that when I except the four years that I served our Uncle Sam, at the time we had that I have lived the only way that a man can live honestly, namely, by my own labor, and I started in when I was about fourteen years old. I am working at present in a stone-quarry. If you want to know anything more about my status as a laborer I shall be delighted to accommodate you.

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